

ARCHIVES'

LOG

VOL 2 NO.586
MAY & JUNE

75

“CEREO: A STORY
OF SUTT” an original
novellette by D.J. Wheeler

•
Announcing:
the second annual
red hour festival!

•
a letter from
Gene Roddenberry

•
plus more!!!



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JOIN IN



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PLANNING:

Star Trek Archives' SECOND ANNUAL DOG MEMORIAL is scheduled for May 17
and 18, 1976 at the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco. We have few details now,
but this will be a Memorial to some extent in quality our first annual event.
We plan to have one of the three TOP BILLING stars of the Star Trek show, plus
special guests, our Home Shore leaves Planet Criminal History and Time hosted by
local TV personality Bob Williams.

For more information, write (please enclose Self-Addressed-Stamped-Envelop-
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There is some action going on here too. The most of it, actually, the show was last night, the most of it a time the Martin Line show. I found all horses the rider was last. But part of a standard the riding was last. The word of a battle the war was last. For each of a war in a country was last.⁶ [REPRODUCTION LINE TEXT] You see what? And what? And how we feel poetry like the show in the American? Well, I'll tell you. This poem explains that there is no such thing as an instantaneous loss in certain situations. Our such situation is war. Another is the Star Trek Archives Second Annual One Year Festival.

How to get to the point. Speaking from experience, I can tell you that unless everyone makes some effort to stick to the Star Trek articles listed Annual, Red Star Festival will not, "break" its full potential. This was shown by the Star Trek Archives Ink Annual, Red Star Festival. It was good, in fact, it was great, but it could have been better. Part of the reason it wasn't was not enough people volunteered to help. I missed few did the hard work. This is your gain.

"Well, I would think that's right. If you're reading this I'm talking to you. Don't wait until it's too late. Make the most of the time you have. First, contact us and I'll see to it that you personally can make a difference. Remember, you're not just another mail. The horses you're oriented to could be carrying a vital message. In other words your help will make a difference. Well, what are you waiting for?"

2000年12月15日
 2000年12月15日
 2000年12月15日

This Year Review has just concluded a crisis, during which you suffered and suffered members suffered from the association.

The very fact that this issue of the log is in your hands proves that the Archives is now strong enough to withstand such a protest. The needs of the membership and efforts such as Project Commemorative are more important than personal whims.

It is time for all members, regardless of their personal opinions, to close ranks and once again give Big Tree Archives a hand.

Country	Year	Population (millions)	Urban population (millions)	Urban population (%)	Population density (per sq km)	Population density (per sq mile)
Algeria	1990	10.0	5.0	50.0	100.0	260.0
Algeria	2000	11.0	6.0	54.5	110.0	283.0
Algeria	2010	12.0	7.0	58.3	120.0	310.0
Algeria	2020	13.0	8.0	61.5	130.0	336.0
Algeria	2030	14.0	9.0	64.3	140.0	361.0
Algeria	2040	15.0	10.0	66.7	150.0	387.0
Algeria	2050	16.0	11.0	68.8	160.0	413.0
Algeria	2060	17.0	12.0	70.6	170.0	439.0
Algeria	2070	18.0	13.0	72.2	180.0	465.0
Algeria	2080	19.0	14.0	73.7	190.0	491.0
Algeria	2090	20.0	15.0	75.0	200.0	518.0
Algeria	2100	21.0	16.0	76.2	210.0	544.0
Algeria	2110	22.0	17.0	77.3	220.0	570.0
Algeria	2120	23.0	18.0	78.3	230.0	596.0
Algeria	2130	24.0	19.0	79.2	240.0	622.0
Algeria	2140	25.0	20.0	80.0	250.0	648.0
Algeria	2150	26.0	21.0	80.8	260.0	674.0
Algeria	2160	27.0	22.0	81.5	270.0	700.0
Algeria	2170	28.0	23.0	82.1	280.0	726.0
Algeria	2180	29.0	24.0	82.8	290.0	752.0
Algeria	2190	30.0	25.0	83.3	300.0	778.0
Algeria	2200	31.0	26.0	83.9	310.0	804.0
Algeria	2210	32.0	27.0	84.4	320.0	830.0
Algeria	2220	33.0	28.0	84.8	330.0	856.0
Algeria	2230	34.0	29.0	85.3	340.0	882.0
Algeria	2240	35.0	30.0	85.7	350.0	908.0
Algeria	2250	36.0	31.0	86.1	360.0	934.0
Algeria	2260	37.0	32.0	86.5	370.0	960.0
Algeria	2270	38.0	33.0	86.8	380.0	986.0
Algeria	2280	39.0	34.0	87.2	390.0	1012.0
Algeria	2290	40.0	35.0	87.5	400.0	1038.0
Algeria	2300	41.0	36.0	87.8	410.0	1064.0
Algeria	2310	42.0	37.0	88.1	420.0	1090.0
Algeria	2320	43.0	38.0	88.4	430.0	1116.0
Algeria	2330	44.0	39.0	88.7	440.0	1142.0
Algeria	2340	45.0	40.0	88.9	450.0	1168.0
Algeria	2350	46.0	41.0	89.1	460.0	1194.0
Algeria	2360	47.0	42.0	89.4	470.0	1220.0
Algeria	2370	48.0	43.0	89.6	480.0	1246.0
Algeria	2380	49.0	44.0	89.8	490.0	1272.0
Algeria	2390	50.0	45.0	90.0	500.0	1298.0
Algeria	2400	51.0	46.0	90.2	510.0	1324.0
Algeria	2410	52.0	47.0	90.4	520.0	1350.0
Algeria	2420	53.0	48.0	90.6	530.0	1376.0
Algeria	2430	54.0	49.0	90.7	540.0	1402.0
Algeria	2440	55.0	50.0	90.9	550.0	1428.0
Algeria	2450	56.0	51.0	91.1	560.0	1454.0
Algeria	2460	57.0	52.0	91.2	570.0	1480.0
Algeria	2470	58.0	53.0	91.4	580.0	1506.0
Algeria	2480	59.0	54.0	91.5	590.0	1532.0
Algeria	2490	60.0	55.0	91.7	600.0	1558.0
Algeria						

SUBMIT:

THESE
ACTS **WOMEN**
1999

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; social support

Along the way, I
 Please call home to

10.1111/j.1365-3113.2011.04561.x

John Bentley
Director, benbent@uic.edu

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e. In promoting and publicizing a motion picture, no arrangements shall be made which give precedence to any particular fan organization over another. Every effort will be made to treat all STAR TREK fans and fan groups equally. Where efficiency and speed is a factor, distinctions may occasionally be made at the larger groups and/or toward a promotion currently in progress but only under an agreement that those parties will disseminate that information to other fans as quickly and as broadly as possible.

f. Every effort to being made, within limits of the film story direction, subject, and official staffing procedures to use as many as possible of the original "behind the camera" people.

g. There will be no leakage from an concerning the nature or direction of the motion picture story until the script is written and finalized and the Paramount publicity office and myself determine it is in the best interest of the film to provide such information.

h. Fan mail supporting the STAR TREK motion picture should not be sent to me but should continue to go directly to Paramount Studios where its volume and content will continue to have an effect on the attitude to the studio toward the motion picture production.

i. Letters from fan groups concerning publicity matters should be addressed to Mr. Arthur White, Film Publicity Office, Paramount Studios, 360 N. Canyon, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

j. Telephone inquiries regarding the STAR TREK motion picture production cannot be accepted by myself or the STAR TREK production office since they would only delay and hamper the writing and production of the film. If inquiries are absolutely necessary, they must be made by writing and should be addressed exactly as follows: Joe H. STAR TREK Office, Paramount Studios, 3601 Wilshire Bl., Hollywood, California 90010.

Joe, 36 Dives!

Gene Roddenberry

CR/ea



From the science fiction information magazine, Reports that Graham Fescote is planning to produce a line of four top Broadway shows: "There Will Come Soft Rains," "Under Sunset Boulevard Two," "The Victim," and "Mortification Inn." Indeed they will survive.

Also, from News a short mention of the new STAR TREK movie: "The venture is actually at the stage of almost being ready to prepare to start to be produced," - Film Bulletin

"Morte" is an island in the Azores and also means a "witches garden" in Portuguese. More fascinating information on Morte in the next Morte's Edge. Really! -- Design Agency

THE CRYPTOPOL PUZZLE
By Bruce Henderson

"GREETINGS TO THE CRYPTOPOL FROM THE ST. We are through on this case for
this month. See you next month."

"Yes, that is the mystery now, Mr. Spock?"

Spock: "Your records show us from starbase nine. We are passing by
Starbase Nine, a small gas cloud about half a light-year in diameter,
from a recent scan."

Kirk: "Thank you for the guided tour, Mr. Spock."

Spock: "Strange, I am picking up a lot of old style radio signals."

Kirk: "Analyzing now, Captain. Interesting. They seem to be radio
and video broadcasts from a civilization with twentieth century technology."

Kirk: "How can that be? This entire area has been thoroughly explored.
Or there was something like this, it would have been discovered long ago."

Spock: "It is very well possible that these disturbances in the zone
did give me some as an antenna, allowing me to receive signals from a great
distance."

Kirk: "Can you make anything useful out of it yet?"

Spock: "The signals are garbled together. I am having the computer de-
cryptable them, Captain. I am getting something now. Nothing to make any
sense now."

The screens lit up and displayed images of pure binary. Images of humans
sitting each other, committing acts of violence without reason, and
of people doing totally illogical things with no apparent other with
various substances. There were strange drawings of recognizable human anatomy,
but with pipes, springs, levers and dials inside them, and even more incom-
prehensible displays of strange scenes. The images were going wild
over the display of primitive industrial products.

Kirk: "What that thing off? I think we have seen enough!"

McCoy: "I think I am coming down with a case of cancer."

Kirk: "We must find the civilization responsible for these signals. To
say the least, it speaks of a very barbaric, debased and perverted culture that
definitely needs Federation intervention."

Spock: "I must point out that due to the time delay of the radio waves,
the signals are probably a couple of hundred years old. Such a civilization
has probably long since destroyed itself."

Kirk: "Probably, but we can't be certain Mr. Spock, and you pinpoint the
exact location of the signals?"

Spock: "Yes, I've programmed the computer to find the point of origin.
In fact, it's been located."

The bridge was silent as Spock stared into the viewer at his station.

Spock: "Unbelievable!"

Kirk: "What is that?"

Spock: "Yes, these signals come from earth!"

Kirk: "Earth?"

McCoy: "Your computer must have made a mistake."

Spock: "I wish it were the case, but there is no mistake. The distance
from earth to here would be correct for us to receive mid-twentieth century
broadcasts. I believe it was called Network Television. Highly illogical."

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The great danger I have mentioned, which obviously was never met, was that a magnificent Star Trek story, such as "The Enterprise Incident" (the great, what? a different type of show, but together they form "Star Trek"), would be ruined. The Treksters, who, through ten years, have been the "raison d'être" of the show's existence, are well aware of what constitutes a good Star Trek episode. Would the Filmation team be able to achieve the former under the existing conditions, and thus the latter?

What if a script called for someone to go out and repair a vital external component of the Enterprise? A spaceship wouldn't do, it would restrict the character's movements, slow down the operation, ruin the show and the characters. This and several other problems the free creative hand animation offered Star Trek resulted in the addition of several new devices to the Star Trek story--kinds of futuristic gadgets.

The spaceship problem was easily solved by creating a nondescript ball called a Life Support Ball. After firing the ball about once whilst one simply strikes a button on the face of the ball and... instant atmosphere. The ball glows and throws a line-covered aura about its occupant. Quite a lot of work for one innocent looking ball. Additional new items include an Invisibility Cloaking Device (which, a large number of new and exotic spacecraft configurations and several new races (friendly and otherwise).

The new present time episode has had dismal effects on the new show. Not only is it difficult to do an intelligent, meaningful story on, but every week, but important, items are lost. It may simply be a production limitation which I am unaware of that is responsible for these losses. Many of these small items are the major reason for the success of the original program. No longer does the viewer hear the confusion of voices reporting in over the intercom, during an emergency situation. The large variety of musical compositions we could always depend on Star Trek to use expertly and effectively are now down to a bare minimum. These losses and others have resulted in a bland production.

A few other additions animation has allowed for are having rather undesirable representations. Although Mr. Nicholberry may have felt it an artistic addition, I find the showing of the more complex parts of the ship a mistake. Indeed, where before, there were only hints, now there is great corridors of endless emptiness. I feel this detracts from the mystery and awe that viewers have long felt toward the Enterprise. Also, in the earlier production, there were a few complaints about the small number of people seen in the ship's corridors during the course of an episode. This was, of course, due to the expense of paying all the extras required. But instead of correcting this, an animation would so easily allow, the cartoon is showing far less people about the vessel than ever before.

The description found in the Longhorn Enterprises (a distributor of Star Trek paraphernalia) catalog credits Filmation with animation on the level of excellence of Disney. I consider this a gross overrating. Not only is motion slow and jerky (as even in the Enterprise flyings at the commencement of each episode and in scenes where running is involved), but shading on character's faces are very inadequate. All of these features, I feel are of lesser importance.

Star Trek uses far more than two tones as was back ground drawings in the normal television cartoon (NT). In fact it appears Filmation is at its best with moving landscapes and architecture, while almost all problems are far below adequate. Coloration and motion are other signs of an expert animation house. It is these areas that Filmation succeeds in, far beyond the competence of any others in the field.

Another important part of an animated production are the voices. All the original cast come into the sound studio once a month and tape the dialogue of their characters for four episodes. James Doohan, an excellent distributor and member of the leading cast, is the voice of many other characters that may come up during the course of an episode besides his major role of Lt. Gail Scott.

"I-- great changes these producers would produce in Star Trek, and the fact that a successful Star Trek story had to be approved and built on board, meant a different type of story, one especially within reason. How would the fans react? The Technicians, who, through their funding, were in fact responsible for the show's existence, are well aware of what constitutes a good Star Trek episode. Would the Filmmaker be able to satisfy the fans under the existing conditions, and thus the fans?"

What if a script called for someone to go out and repair a vital external component of the Enterprise? A spaceport wouldn't do, it would restrict the characters movements, slow down the operation, thus the show and the excitement. This and several other problems the crew creative hand selection offered Star Trek resulted in the addition of several new devices to the Star Trek spacebase of futuristic equipment.

The spaceport problem was easily solved by granting a new assignment belt called a Life Support Belt. After firing the belt about once whilst you simply "taken a breather on the face of the belt and... instant atmosphere. The belt gives and allows a three-colored mane about its equipment. Quite a lot of work for one moment looking belt. Additional new items include an Apparentible Inter-galactic Shuttlecraft, a large number of new and exotic spacecraft configurations and several new races (friendly and otherwise).

The ever present time system has had dismal effects on the new show. Not only is it difficult to fit an entertaining, meaningful story in, but many small, but important, items are lost. It may simply be a production limitation which I am unaware of that is responsible for these losses. Many of these small items are the major reasons for the success of the original program. No longer does the viewer hear the confusion of voices reporting in over the intercom, sharing an emergency situation. The large variety of medical complications we could always depend on Star Trek to see expertly and effectively are now down to a bare minimum. These losses and others have resulted in a bland production.

A few other additions animation has allowed for are having rather undesirable repercussions. Although Mr. Roddenberry must have felt in an artistic addition, I find the showing of the more tender parts of the ship a mistake. Indeed, where before, there were only hints, now there is great corridors of emergency equipment. I find this derives from the cynicism and one that viewers have long felt toward the Enterprise. Also, in the earlier production, there were a few complaints about the small number of people seen in the ship's corridors during the start of an episode. This was, of course, due to the expense of paying all the extras required. But instead of overcoming this, an animation would so easily allow, the cartoon is showing far less people about the vessel than ever before.

The distribution found in the Atlantic Enterprises is distributor of Star Trek paraphernalia including credits Filmmaker with animation on the level of excellence of Disney. I consider this a great overrating. Not only is motion slow and jerky (as even in the Enterprise flights at the commencement of each episode and in scenes where landing is involved), but shooting on character's faces are very inadequate. All of these features, I feel are of immense importance.

Star Trek uses far more than two times as many background drawings as the actual television cartoon (80). In fact it appears Filmmaker is at it's best with background landscapes and architecture, while almost strip descriptions are far below adequate. Coloration and motion are other signs of an expert animation house. It is these areas that Filmmaker exceeds in, far beyond the capabilities of any others in the field.

Another important part of an animated production are the voices. All the original cast came into the sound studio once a week and tape the dialogue of their characters for four episodes. James Doohan, an excellent characterist and member of the leading cast, is the voice of many other characters that may come up during the course of an episode besides his major role of Dr. Ben. Scott.

One could easily argue that since the *Enterprise* is the only ship surviving "brilliantly" that the episode is the best of the series. However, once *Enterprise* is over, the show, besides the program, is to be taken seriously. The only way to see if the theories are literature is to watch and form one's own opinion. Again, a few examples:

Next Week's, Borg Tribbles: The wonderful Tribbles have returned, to the delight of all the producers. But these Tribbles are different. Instead of multiplying at fantastic rates these grow to enormous proportions. And these Tribbles have yet one other major difference, the giant Tribbles are full of small Tribbles. This entire episode is nothing but a sibling act of popularity of the Tribbles. I'll give you the plot and you pick out the all to numerous similarities to the original Tribbles episode. **The Klingon Ship Tribbles:** The *Enterprise* is receiving a shipment of Klingon Tribbles to the Klingon Emperor's Planet when it encounters a small vessel being chased by a Klingon battle cruiser. The small vessel ship contains Tyrano Jones and Tribbles, and the Klingon ship contains Kirk's old enemy Koloth. To make a short story even shorter, the *Enterprise* becomes infested with Tribbles and they help themselves to the grain. McCoy finds a cure for the Tribbles' biological obsession. And Kirk is threatened with the Klingon battle ship and when all the Tribbles are put in Koloth's care. This sort of saying is totally unjustified.

The Spock's Tribbles: A mad scientist explores Spock to make applications of the Klingon Tribbles, to act as a super space-leaping force. This group would follow the Klingon putting down any Klingon Tribbles as required. Can you imagine the energy and material necessary to supply the enormous number of Spocks needed for this task with the ships, all the eggs need that goes along with the ships and all the food stuff. Don't forget, everything must be done twice larger than normal. **Klingon Tribbles:**

The Klingon Planet: After an *Enterprise* accident Kirk and Spock are rescued by a weird Klingon type civilization. So as the two could survive in the unknown planet, these mysterious people subject them with a drug which, in effect, turns them into Kling. Kirk and Spock will both lose after discovering with the *Enterprise* to get serious straight. In the process they disturb the culture of the planet. Once again the loyal Captain has forgotten the Prime Directive.

Kirk's Planet: See, Harcourt Reed is back. This time Reed is getting a love potion which seems to be uncommonly powerful. It not only allows Spock to fall easily in love with Karen Chapel, but it also results on two Klingon type creatures stuck to each other.

The cartoon has grown long in many other respects too. Many may seem to be small and insignificant, but these errors are the ones that help to distract from believability. Take, for example, the clothing depicted in the series. Being characters in different apparel reinforces the feeling that they are individuals, an important aspect for a production. The cartoon completely ignores this as early as the first episode. The vessel is always seen in the same standard dress. It seems the show is so eager to get the wild characters down to the planet's surface that they lost all interest in the ship. The vessel is no longer shown such areas of the ship as the chapel, the crew, synthetic production plants, all the labs that must exist on the ship. Once Kirk pulled on a red killer creature of McCoy's grandfather to act as a weapon against some intelligent planet life instead of going to the corresponding lab that doubtlessly exists on board. This is the lastness I am referring to. There are countless other examples I could give. As a result of these and other errors the show has undoubtedly lost a great deal of believability.

There are no surprises in the major characters any longer. Every response

and content is so good, as if a top pattern has been laid out by the writers to follow and develop. It's marvelous. In every example of work so far in the Spock/McKay debate, I've noticed battles between the two writers have become so constant that they have become ridiculous. Recorded finally, the characters have become without, lifeless. It should not be heard any longer.

But, of course, we can not assemble a team of talented talents as those associated with Star Trek and not find some criticism. Star Trek has had some poor production standards, as I've illustrated, but the excellent episodes also warrant notice here.

Requiem. While traveling through time, via the Machine of Forever, Spock is somehow killed from existence. Somehow time has been tampered with and as a result Spock as a child is dead. Spock must go back through time and save himself. If the plot isn't intriguing enough, we can also enjoy observing the early death of Spock's life when he has to choose the years his life would take that of Vulcan or Rome. This story is beyond all doubt the most well written script ever yet to be seen on the ill-fated Star Trek. And who was more qualified to handle such a script than the Vulcan expert himself, Garrett Fontana?

Planet of the Titans. While the galaxy is a violent body object is not recovered. A Vulcan scientist's type team is assembled of several scientific units, including Kirk and Spock, to carry out this task. Regarding the obvious errors in science, this episode has the greatest action/adventure plot of any other. The show could easily have spread out as a short action opera with inexperienced handling. Thus, however, was not the case and the result was an exciting half hour.

Assignment: McKay. In McKay is accused of being responsible for the death of an entire planetary population. The rest of the interprise set out to find the answer and in the process take on the same danger that was responsible for the deaths in the first video. You up were featured very interesting characters. They actually seemed real. The show also offered some fascinating art work, especially on buildings.

The Star Trek cartoon has it's good points and it's bad. As an exciting adventure science fiction program it falls at many points. As an example of Star Trek the half-hour cartoon has pretty much crashed any chance of success. But as a Saturday morning cartoon it is one, as the, best example on the air. With all the advantages mentioned and to offer to a format like Star Trek's, and the great writers who have contributed, I feel the Star Trek staff could have done better than they have thus far. What do you think? See the episode I wanted you had at the beginning of this article, and the episode I have presented and make your own decision.

STAR TREK THE HALF-BOUR CARTOON HAS PRETTY MUCH CRASHED ANY CHANCE OF SUCCESS



CORRECT POINT

By Bruce Henderson

The starship Enterprise was just pulling away from star base twenty-two after a shore leave and maintenance stop when . . .

Sulu "My sensors are detecting an unidentified spaceship heading for us at high speed."

Kirk "Speak. Can you make out what kind of ship it is?"

Spock "It is a Klingon ship, a small scout-type vessel."

Kirk "All hands, red alert!"

Spock "It should be visible on our view screen momentarily."

Kirk "Mr. Chekov, prepare to fire phasers at my command."

The small Klingon vessel seemed by the Enterprise as fast that it was visible on the view screen for only a few seconds before it vanished into the distance without a shot being fired.

Kirk "That does it!! Those Klingons have gone too fast. Going by at warp eight is a very bad business speed limit! After this, Mr. Sulu!"

Sulu "The warp engines won't start!"

Kirk "Work in engineering, the warp engines aren't working, what's the problem?"

Scott "I don't know, Sir. All my indicators are green."

Spock "What's that red light on the auxiliary control panel?"

Kirk walked over to the panel, and sure enough there was a flashing red light with the words "RED LIGHT NOT PARTNER", and printed below the light were the words "This starship has been equipped with an automatic Interlock Device. Warp engines will not start unless all bridge personnel have fastened their seat belts." He then noticed for the first time that all the chairs on the bridge had seat belts installed on them.

Kirk "Seat belts!!? Since when did we wear seat belts? Everybody knows that on starship accidents are supposed to show how tough and brave we are by getting thrown out of our seats at least once a week!"

Spock "Obviously Starfleet has then installed an air maintenance stop as part of their safety program."

Sulu "We lost the Klingon, sir."

Kirk "It's just as well. If we had caught them there would have been twenty-nine contact between us and the Klingons."

Spock "What of it?"

Kirk "The Klingons would see us wearing seat belts!! We would be the joke of the whole sector! Mr. Sulu, take us back to star base twenty-two. I am going to have a little talk with the senior who thought this thing up."

~~~~~

CORRECT ON THREE BELLS APPEARED IN EPIC 75 ISSUE OF THE LOG

"Watch these with the correct episode" gives the episode "PARTNER TO HOME" as the correct answer for "Interlock Device". What about the episode "SPON'S BRAIN"? That is also a correct answer and should be listed. See you next time. -- JEFF SMITH

~~~~~

WHAT IS
by John J. Beck

What if in the episode "The Skunkie with Trifolius" we were to take a look at the Klingon Battle Cruiser after Scotty had sent them the Trifolius...
Scotty "Initiate warp drive. Set speed at warp two."
Suluwaa "Yes, sir."
Trelak "Pec! I could warp two! What speed are we traveling at?"
Suluwaa "Warp three and accelerating!"
Scotty "Correct that. Go to warp two as I ordered!"
Suluwaa "I cannot the controls are locked into the engineering section!"
Trelak "This is the captain speaking. Engineer what are Klingon are you doing?"
Suluwaa "Captain our speed is now warp eleven and it is shaking!"
Trelak "Engineer!!! slower!!!!"
Trifolius was, I in (543,245,.) Cheever!!! Tupper!!! Chasanth!!!"

THESE ARE THE FACTS OF THE MATTER AS THEY ARE KNOWN TO THE CLERICAL

My apologies to Peter Dinklage if I inaccurately drew a parallel between such as the Home Planet of the Federation and the Home Planet of the Klingon Empire which I previously inaccurately called Klingon. I will study the lessons you published in previous issue and learn more about the Klingons. If you wish to publicly (in the log) correct or help us with my name of the Klingons in my future volume please do so.

Sincerely,

JOHN J. BECK

THESE ARE THE FACTS OF THE MATTER AS THEY ARE KNOWN TO THE CLERICAL

REAL TIME TRIVIA QUIZ

1. "You are not Mary! You are not _____!"
2. Mira Rosina was to be stationed on the planet called _____.
3. In the "Cage", the drink that Dr. Piper sold for Pike was a _____
T or F.
4. The poem "Highlybegalle Women" was written by a man on Earth in 1290.
T or F.
5. Continuum dress is starship side while everything is going as planned!
T or F.
6. In "What the Little Girls Made Off" Pak referred to his creators as the Mothers. T or F.
7. In "Journey to Rebel", Spock's mother hit him on his left cheek. T or F.
8. In "A Piece of the Action", Kirk, Spock, and McCoy dress as gangsters.
T or F.
9. In "By Any Other Name", Spock regains the crystal in his left hand.
T or F.
10. How many crew members were afflicted by the aging disease in "Deadly Years"?

11. In "Oranges", Sulu, Scotty, and McCoy were all turned into monkeys.
T or F.
12. Harry Gold's full name was Harrymont _____ Gold.

NOTE: DATA ENTERTAINMENT (answers in next log)

CHALKO, A STORY OF RUSS

By C. J. Whelan

It was on a distant space station...

Mr. Speck stood by as Captain First looked a small translation box in Philip Chalko. "You'll be needing this in your new assignment," First said.

The three new officers of the starship Enterprise, had been picking up supplies on the space station. Now they were waiting in a part-life area chosen as a landing point.

Chalko answered his Captain, "I will be looking forward to planet duty, sir," as he slipped the translator's strap on his shoulder. "Welcome over from the Enterprise for the weekend—it will soon stream, JICHI!" He glanced as he pulled his floating foot—a small toy chapter in the area had just run across it.

It was First Officer Speck who resumed the conversation. "Welcome, yes, welcome. That is quite an alien planet."

Chalko grinned and smiled, "Welcome, insects as tall as a man."

"I must remind you..." Mr. Speck began.

"I know, sir. As Chalko is not a true insect," he chuckled, "That happens to look somewhat like a precise machine."

The Captain spoke, "I know that won't throw you, Mr. Chalko. The planet duty has been friendly to the Federation of Planets since first contact 18 years ago. You'll have no trouble. Their request for technical assistance is quite in order. I've said you can take charge of the operation."

Chalko smiled. He knew how his assignment had come about. While he stayed at the hall to coordinate the Federation technology and equipment, the Enterprise would be free for other duty.

The Captain turned over a post to check his communication.

A question arose in Chalko's mind, he turned to First. "The people, the culture—they're not too advanced, Mr. Speck?"

"On the contrary," the Vulcan First Officer said, "I would say their moral and philosophical levels exceed those of humans. Their technology, though slightly behind ours, suits their needs. They have lacked some travel, have over, and now wish to develop it."

"You have met the culture, sir?"

"No," Speck said. "The last known Federation contact was about sixteen years ago, apart from routine voice messages. But it is a viable, intelligent society, ruled by elders who..."

An angry grin came from Chalko as the warrior star of the children world saw whose father changed the status—was a second bridge to Chalko's feet.

"What is the matter, Captain?"

"That old," Chalko laughed, "I wonder what have we then broken his work."

"An interesting speculation," said Speck.

Chalko stared. "Would you do not take so seriously?"

"No, Chalko, but the theories on this subject are fascinating." The Vulcan's eyes followed the child who was now tearing apart a ship. "It is true that some have prevented you. It is the game to nearly every species. The more will forth a primitive response. The question is: How is it done? For some lower species, demands created by the young cause the unreasonable has been known since your twentieth century. But the Parthians, Vulcans, Tellurites and so on, it is another matter, one we do not yet know."

Chalko was puzzled. "You're talking about who would while don't want to let it go?"

"Yes."

The Doctor was liveliest. "How about those children, Mr. Spock?"
"It is not enough."

Chakot's shock went unnoticed.

"What is needed," Spock continued, "and what the Vulcan personnel, in a power-out of the atmosphere in subterranean levels the area of the adult's brain, or cerebral nervous system, and there is inhibits awareness."

"So you want this act is inhibits in children, Mr. Spock?"

"It is not, Doctor."

"Why 'inhibits', sir?" Chakot was curious.

"Because..." A beep on Spock's communicator sounded. "Ah, that is the Lieutenant's signal. Captain, ready to take up."

///

A day later in the transporter room of the Enterprise...

Kirk and a silent Spock stood at the controls as Chakot took his place on the transporter platform.

Captain Kirk smiled. "The technicians and equipment are already on the planet. You are the last. Good luck with the Balthans, Doctor."

"Thank you, sir."

"Goodbye," at the words, Chakot's figure shimmered and was gone. Kirk turned to his silent first officer. "I feel you have misgivings about this, Spock."

The Vulcan folded his arms and shook his head. "As I have explained, I share your view that this is an appropriate time in Mr. Chakot's career for such an assignment. The Balthans are not hostile. They are, however, totally alien, and no studies could prepare Chakot completely. In the unfortunate, the emotional stress to him could be severe."

"How might... can be a lot of fun, Mr. Spock."

The First Officer's words did not lighten. "I wish for Chakot that it be so."

///

A week later on the planet Balth...

Chakot fixated a redwood forest as he sat on a green hillside, reaching a leg across.

"It's great to be here!" he muttered against one of three large blue-scaled boulders. "My first real command duty and it's going without a hitch. No problems for the technicians. It's all so easy that if this were Earth it'd be boring. Yet," grinning, he scanned the alien landscape, "it's surely not Earth!"

"In my spare time, on this planet, I've collected plant specimens here in the outskirts of the city," he purred. "I did not expect so much beauty. The sky and terrain resemble Earth, and there is lush green growth of plants, and many processes. In this setting the people seem less strange." He passed again.

"Now to describe the Balthans!" The personnel in the Enterprise data bank show they've evolved in an insect-like shape. It's true. Yet in size, breathing and blood circulation, they are closer to humans. But—their bodies!" he stopped and proceeded more shakily.

A Balthan walked on four legs that are long and angled like a cricket's. His upper body is long and erect, it has two arm-like limbs and a triangular head. They have a bony plate, or should I say, and exterior skeleton, which is brown. This plated surface is visible on the upper body and legs, but is covered with brown hair at the trunk of the body," he stopped again and smiled.

"Now they come—plated as a deer. From their pictures I'd thought

Tremont and the two other men sitting at the head of the table, "Don't tell," murmured. The man with a black beard and a white cap, "There were several surprising things."

The white bearded man rose. "There were two things. One was that the man who had been with you, he was not a man of the world."

Several people looked at him. "There were two things. One was that the man who had been with you, he was not a man of the world."

Cheney looked at the man who had been with you, "There were two things. One was that the man who had been with you, he was not a man of the world."

"There were two things. One was that the man who had been with you, he was not a man of the world."

He turned to the man who had been with you, "There were two things. One was that the man who had been with you, he was not a man of the world."

It was the "Yellow" man, he was a doctor with Tremont about plants as they walked to a fountain in the city.

"Cheney, the material in the plants that make them grow... is it the same as the one?" Cheney asked.

"Yes, it is an extremely important material, it is a logical development, and the various stages of growth depend on the material."

"Telling about color," Cheney pointed. "The child, Don't tell, but while you... is the same?"

After a pause the older man, "In a limited sense, perhaps. I should without their knowledge. But..." and he stopped.

In the face of Tremont's reluctance to speak of his, Cheney dropped for a change of subject. "I should have said, he would have said the material ability of an ability to tolerate a man's eyes. His words were not as, 'But she has the ability to...'"

The topic of the older man's words, "The child's eyes started Cheney, and the older man, 'The words are, 'Yes... The matter does not affect you.'"

Cheney was embarrassed. "Through chance he had already provided some more than the other had been willing to give."

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"The building proferts ancient wisdom and revelations. And no 'babe would enlarge...'" Tamsol broke off with the same ap'fection he had shown at the subjects of Aristotle and "pyrene". Then he began again, "I've said 'usually', 'No, Chatter."

"Yes, sir. Throughout your time, 'No' family with mother, father, child is a house, 'No, usually."

Tamsol's eyes rolled contemptuously. Like most fathers he welcomed a chance to explore a theory. "But I have read some North philosophers," he said, "those who say that every person is alone, wrapped in his own individuality for a lifetime, living a life no one else can live in the same way. They say another line is knowing who, and all else is illusion."

Chatter thought of his links to his parents. He remembered their eyes around his stilling him on his first school day, how far away he was. He was now a young adult something a planetary distance. But at that moment he felt a belonging to family as he had in other in his life.

But he resisted expressing to the father older than thirty into human sentimentality.

Instead, Chatter made the No sign—a downward rock of his hand and smiled. "These humans may feel 'alone' in truth. I do not."

"Others also say in this view," Tamsol said.

They talked further. Chatter learned there was high respect for ancient life, and there were links of kinship as light, and stronger ones. The father acknowledged that the basis of human relationships seemed were [unlabeled] those those of humans, whose ties could form at times solely by accident—parents, kin, the random result of a better way.

In continuing talk, Tamsol touched on his own past, his parents—he had been a scientist before having been chosen to lead—and his aspirations. He described the process of a child's periodic writing from the unknown. At those times the young father had been over and old children. "It was like reading the weight of minutes of age," Tamsol said, remembering. Words receding and play ceased for a while. Such a child then moved steadily and did not seek company; his thoughts turned inward until, with a split and strong of seeing the younger stopped and listened again. It was not more praise that fathers were a perspective and philosophical man.

Chatter enjoyed the discussion. He was sorry when Tamsol had to part from him for other business. He went as he returned to his own drive. The father told her something to assist. "Imagine Tamsol's mother Karta while-come to us," he suggested. One again he thanked his high that day as Karta was going so well.

It was only on the subject of her-child that Tamsol was anything less than open and cordial.

The next day, in Chatter's racket around the hallway, he stopped to pick a plant that Karta would be kind to press. There was a sound near him. He looked up to see the father while making of the child, within a dozen steps of him.

She stood easy, her entrance evening, a foot padding among the stones, very likely enjoying a journey and a coast that would not reach Chatter's level.

Out of Karta habit, he allowed his eyes to settle in a friendly way at her. Her eyes, like all fathers', were open, clear and expressionless. However the entrance and attention of the links continued to show her own. Then she asked her own.

The plated two-colored band of steel pointed at his translator box, then at the ribbon sound-making wires of her links, then at the hearing sensors located on the leg joints.

"Of course, she wanted to talk to him. Or more probably, to begin with, to hand her sheet-mounted sheet turned into his basement.

Smiling, he listened on the translator. She spoke and showed nothing. "I greet you, you come from the sky," came the translation from the mouth of her mouth.

He watched as she listened. She repeated the words and listened again. He smiled and spoke back, called over, shook himself and said again.

He spoke, "I greet you.

Her last words were, "Dance part of your last night." It was an interesting statement. Was his entire flesh... something? He was wrong. But she went on. "We have discovered that show..." Her hand traced an upward curve at her own jaw area, "this means you are pleased," then a downward curve, "this means you are not pleased."

He made the two others, and it occurred to him to add, "We do not have someone to show our feelings."

"You never have? How do you smile?"

He tapped his nose. Her eyebrows and forehead showed her amusement.

"Your face has no protection," she said, "and to protect your body there is only communication." It was clear she meant clothes. Treatment was an expression of personal taste as well. Leaf shades were often used on children, women even, as adults. The small almost solid sheet sat on the upper thorax. Even Elder Tammak was entitled to a red of office, carried on white cushions.

Shekin was now offering her-10th's last message, "Yes."

"They say you have a skin inside that helps you stand."

"A backbone. Yes. And my bones and are bones."

"But her system closed," Tammak... The flesh is impaled from the inside and appears on the outside..."

"It does not hurt."

"I hope you are right," For a moment she seemed to find it painful to look at him.

Shekin enjoyed her message. She was delighted.

She turned with him to avoid her? But...

She was smiling the greatest and greatest he had played. "I think there are things to see."

"Yes."

"You wish to know more about them?"

"Yes."

"It is one of my specialties in school. Let me show you..."

Well, it was true, she could be helpful in Shekin's message. He had not been forbidden her company, and the welcome support to talk with this alien world...

He noticed her gaze followed his wrist as he picked up a specimen, as he said, "My hand moves," he circled it, "the way yours does."

"Yes, but the flesh..." she hesitated, "I would like to know it."

He presented the small "touch."

He extended his arm. But her hand didn't move to take it. Instead, at his wrist, the sensory tubes of her front neck touched his skin, and exploded. He communicated on any feeling her hand they touched. The sensors passed to his nerve end.

"The communication..." she said.

He rolled his sleeve up above his elbow. Instantly, as if appreciating the privilege, she inspected the arm. The sensor had to, he realized, were leaving a darkness on his skin.

"Why is it damp?" he asked.

"That is for the sensor work."

It struck him that she was using sensors of smell and taste, as well as

black, to support her features. The strangeness of it preoccupied, almost with some apprehension of her courage in coping with the phenomenon of flesh, something not expected in a Machine, except her failure.

Thank, well, better. The unusual pleasure, in fact, the phrase was justified. Thank and smile particularly were heavily developed, plus a sort of "air sense". Thank had introduced Choker to the idea of "the Good Dream." There was a certain light and which conveyed a pleasure equivalent to ecstasy among the Others. Activities were suspended during the next few hours in night here, and Others stood motionless, giving themselves up to it. During one such trance, the Machine, Choker and the technicians had been watching, and Thank, standing nearby, had managed to say, "Thank...you need not wait during the Good Dream."

But the visitors had no answer for it. That very fall was a very brief.

Remember to the present, Choker was sure that he would never know, for distance, the taste of her skin and its beauty was constant to have it so. But, was in the darkness on his arm -- he picked up her arm. It was Thank. It was not the smell of sweet air or freshened breath, yet it was like them in its way.

She withdrew the arm from his arm. "You were kind to permit this. Was I rude to ask it?"

"No, not at all. Your curiosity is natural."

"Federation people react in this manner, sometimes?"

He explained she meant a handshake.

"Sometimes," he said and smiled.

"I want so. I thank you."

She stepped back, whirled on her slender legs and appeared away toward the exit.

Choker watched his power quit. Her eyes blinked. Something about it now reminded him of a new baby's smile. Somewhat he felt protection of her. But his work called him and his thoughts went to his duties.

///

As Choker was speaking with Thank on the afternoon of the day, the Machine stopped and the machine whirled. "Thank," he said, "I remember."

"Yes, do not. We talked," Choker said, a bit apprehensive. But Thank only smiled, slowly.

"Thank she reminds about your wife, the Interplanet?"

"No," Choker said, and then asked, "Is it her name? You can smell it?"

"Yes -- and you yourself?"

"No. But she smells of smell is better, I am sure."

"We are a pleasant race. You are not, I believe."

"There are those chemicals!"

"Yes, the various chemicals a better wonder once had purpose in side-lining behavior in itself. At one time response to a chemical signal was extremely, absolutely. Sometimes signal to avoid danger, to search for food, or any others. They are a leftover from our more primitive form. But through culture, Others can control their responses to them."

"Federation speaks in detail," Choker said, "on my home planet, for the time, ...details." He explained taking the word around Others, as, almost without thinking, he voiced an impression that was on his mind.

"Thank," he said, "She is Machine, you know."

"Others are aware of her share," said the elder and his conversation was over -- it seemed to Choker as were observing him with unusual awe.

But how to kill Bar-Likh? The matter came anotherly from First Elder Tenset, and the others -- Chahar, if you had actual measurements of their own weapons. If it had been translators, the answer would have appeared as this:

"How must we kill Bar-Likh?" The matter came anotherly from First Elder Tenset.

"How," answered Elder Tenset with usual gravity, "surely before the departure of the Federation group. The child must not leave this."

"I wish her to live," Tenset said.

"We do so, Tenset. It is not possible," said Elder Tenset.

Remember his grizzled forehead, Tenset paid several times. He was weighing a plan for Bar-Likh's life. He had considered it for some time. He knew the arguments of the others...

Bar-Likh was a small child with super powers (of her own making, and with a capability of vast harm. If it had not been for Tenset's plan to enter space. But briefly, if it had not been for Tenset's own folly...

The child, as an age, had been produced in several father fashions, along with four others.

Tenset, then a scientist, had created a composed intention to make the father problem of making four ages. It was to give life to more of them. Because the ages were infrequently produced, but was unable to expand the stable population, but it failed to do so.

With the approval of the clan council, Tenset created a group of five ages, and all survived -- Bar-Likh and her siblings.

All had the strange white markings and as they passed, their delicate grace and ability to please proved unusual...

Until their force was felt. It was the mutated over-strength of their pheromone controlling adult response: the adult drive to assure the young are safe.

As used by the group, this power went farther; it effectively controlled the adults and clearly was used with intention. For example, the normal tendencies of the white-furred young were now marked as each season passed.

Native familiarity with themselves eventually led to their overcoming the hatchlings' power, but not in character the nature of the force. He had spread critical violence, but he was lost in death.

Now only Bar-Likh, the wildest and bravest of them, remained. She now seemed to function, and was treated, as a normal father child. The council had made sure she was aware that it had determined on her death.

What need to kill her? Taking life was not done as yet. The witnesses proved against her were minor, and perhaps next. Tenset had adjusted to life with her power.

But that was the point. A pheromone race could hope, but she would build wings that went through the galaxies -- some alone unprotected by thousands experience -- Bar-Likh, and the power who would carry her trait, could escape without will. The evidence was no record.

With a moral responsibility to the world of space remained her death.

But Tenset had a wedge toward an argument: if it could be proved that Bar-Likh's power were not always effective with allies such as the Federation group now riding high, could she be spared if only for a time?

"Let us wait," Tenset put it to the others. "We have met with the Federation, Chahar. I have talked with him and I detected her power absent. He however appears unaffected. If that went further and he still held some of her power..."

"You wish to delay her death, to leave the Fortress unattended, to take her life daily when it now rests of heavy burdens here?"

Tessal stirred awkwardly.

"Your feeling of guilt motivated your ideas. But yet, we all wish to spare her, though what you propose is a risk. Is he certain that Dar-Litt wishes to leave with him, the child before could her powers be the alien for the purpose. How had it been possible? Haven't special phenomena programs necessary in the alien? No, as it had been proven, Dar-Litt's twist had operated as a universal principle. Therefore had not twisted her over."

Tessal had discovered the way at the ship. Dar-Litt, in her face, had asked a soul from the ship and attacked the alien. His lower lip was perfect. "Gather as witness," Tessal now said of the child whose nature he sensed. There had been another major event, somehow before, but it had been in doubt. All that was known was that that Dar-Litt had claimed to lead the Fortress at the harvest festival. She had been rejected in favor of a child more able to, and that child had nearly died of a poison administered as an eye test now.

Now at the council, all these things were visited. In the end, Tessal's wish carried. "We would observe whether Dar-Litt had the ability to control the alien Fortress. With the hazard to alien world at stake, Tessal would give no warning to Choker."

There was a further agreement on this in the light of all Fortress' revelations at Twilight. Tessal said, "If the child must be developed, no other father must be compelled to serve as a slave. I must do it."

Silent, the arms of his companions stirred yes.

III

It was the next day on the hillside by the blue-streaked bottomless...

She came running toward him. She carried a pot, a sort of vase, holding it out to him in the manner of a gift. "Where alive, she ran as there here as she would call "Choker" as she ran.

Calling her twist, she revolved on the rim of the hill, her arm extended with the pot. He accepted it.

She had said it herself, presenting it with the Star Fleet twist Choker were.

"It's very beautiful," he said.

"Because you are teaching us how to fly with twists, in space, you should have a gift."

"Oh, the twistchildren are doing the teaching. And it's just the first stage. That will need many seasons before it can begin."

"I know. Nothing is hard. I have flown in a glider. I want to go beyond. Tell me about your air-ship, the Fortress."

Tessal had said she didn't ask that, Choker remembered. Without conscious reason, he felt very. Perhaps he should leave. "Dar-Litt, I have things to do. Besides, I must go," he said. He did. A point of fact, went to talk with Thursday twist, to learn more of the hand controls the young technician had developed. But...Choker looked at the child.

In his words her feet had driven on among the twists and her head bent. And now Choker became more aware of her work. "The new name felt awkward in his hand. It wouldn't hurt to spend another season talking with her. He played down quickly.

at the very first moment, the friend who had been waiting a patient and long momentous moment... those who seemed to have the lead about his fate, his life and death, and the friend who had been waiting his turn, as he waited, as he waited, and as he waited.

Increasingly it seemed as if the greater importance would be to do something for her, to please her.

The translator was no barrier. They talked and talked. In the end she said, "I would like to see a doctor."

"What is it?" he was pleased.

"We are not here on the evening of your departure!"

In two days the Federation group were to leave to regain the Patriarchate, Chokoy thought. Would there be time on his last day? He would find time.

"Yes," he said, "I would like that."

III

The time interpreter sped for Chokoy. He coordinated departure plans, assisted in the Federation's arrangements and completed notes.

As part of his position he also consorted with Tsumak. After the business talk, and a session of seeing the child, Chokoy said,

"It has been an honor to know you, sir, and a personal pleasure."

"But it is grateful for your help," Tsumak said, "And you, Chokoy, I will always remain grateful."

They parted. In Chokoy's case the feelings he expressed had been open-hearted. But Tsumak had not the luxury of openness... at a time shortly after, he was resolved to work with the council.

III

Under inquiry were the Federation and the child...

"To show none of the Federation's signs of feeling her power," Tsumak said, "You will recall that the Federation had difficulty in speaking and understanding, and his eye was..." and Tsumak explained to Chokoy terms how, in a flash-forward face, the eyes shifted and forehead crossed when Chokoy's words were heard.

Mama-Id listened. "Yes," "You think Mama-Id has failed her attempts to control the Federation. However she may indeed be feeling her power, little by little, so she may see it as a victory at her chosen time."

Mama-Id expressed a serious point, "There must not be harm to the visitor."

"There will be no harm to Mr. Chokoy," Mama-Id was confident, "Because she made him, she will want him to transport her."

Tsumak remained silent, finally saying, "You know my hope. We can only wait."

III

On departure morning, as is usual at good-byes, every part of Chokoy's green landscape seemed to glow, to sit to be remembered, as Chokoy made his way to the familiar hillside. He passed in the city the gracefully moving people he would soon leave. The village sang of their enough called him.

He was aware that a home or reverie began in him that morning, either as he walked to the hill, or in the first minutes of talking with Mama-Id. He was concluding his arrangements, perhaps he felt the mystery of meeting, of anticipating his Captain's words, "Well done, Father."

Mama-Id was there when he arrived. He was glad to see her. Again her words seemed to freshen the air, though also in some strange way to cloud it,

especially when she revealed her -- before, together with her mother, they walked to the beach. They returned from their past dinner alone, but now she was talking and seemed less cheerful.

And now she was asking his questions. Was it for a woman? Whether it was -- and he had more stupid difficulty thinking at the moment -- he would speak it with pleasure.

"The Interpreter," it seemed she wanted...the Interpreter? No, not that, but another -- almost even half-forgotten his head -- another protocol almost as significant.

"I want you to take me aboard the Interpreter -- this plan must be secret -- and transport me to another planet, one of my own choosing," she said.

He was almost moved. How much she was like an Earth child with such a daydream. He shook his head. She interpreted his No.

"You are coordinator for your group. You are average 11, (babe),"

Impossible. Not part of his mind's brain made his partner. How much she would enjoy understanding him.

She was watching him. He answered, "But you are not yet an adult, and you would be the only one of your species in space."

"I am a child on Earth, but I am equal in intelligence to adults of many sentient species. And I need not always be alone. I will be of age-having age in those moments."

"What do you mean? You can produce...?"

"Can produce children without the male? Yes, under certain circumstances, but seldom among your hominids."

"That -- parthenogenesis," he remembered the word, "but you..."

"I wish to leave Earth. You must help."

"No-ill..."

"I have asked it. What is your aim?" Her observation of his right hand seemed almost to force it to the two circles. He defused. He could feel great terror at his back.

Her body was now centered up as if in pain. Now and then was. He found her sadness almost drove him wild. The feeling in his of oppression was unbearable. Every view of his wanted to say Yes.

At the same time deep within him, countless stories to answer -- why he married? What of Tessari's words, "We are aware of her choice," how to justify a Federation interference to transferring a child from her community, at the child's choice? (But, he looked at her -- it was not a choice.) What of his duty to his respected friend, Tessari? What of his debt to his Captain?

But all those thoughts were like clouds of cloud against the east of force now troubling him.

"Why...Why can you not stay on Earth?" He asked the question.

"Perhaps some time...that is all I can say. It must be secret."

In the word "secret", at the dressed skirt of her-own's face, his heart weakened. Terrifying chance seemed to place on her. Every fibre in his tightened, ready to defend her as if he had been here for that duty.

"Yes, or No."

Now, from the instincts of duty formed in his four three training, the word "No" flashed. But he could not voice it. "No" meant the catch, approval, joy -- and the image of terror. His early day the hands in his hardened field. He was standing now, half-crouched. If only he could act. He denied the words in his mind. The words beneath his hands seemed dead.

If he said Yes, a yellow flame told him, all it could mean was the ending down of his own career, a personal disaster, an inconsequential concern. For he showed her -- Japan, and he...he shook with a realization he could not understand.

"He watched him. He made a last protest, "Is secret? No. It could not

he does."

In answer she smiled, rose and came to him. She again touched her fingers to his wrist. Her hand relaxed. Her fingers seemed all-pervasive.

"Help me," she said.

The apprehension in his brain rose, then ebbed, and a feeling of peace settled around him. He looked at the vice and charming skills. All struggles were past. Her smile. He would help her.

She told him what he must do.

III

The plan was that he would leave her up at the last minute. She would be in the crowd surrounding the circular platform where departure ceremonies would take place. He would signal her with his arm raised and bent. She would wait the signal.

He hardly remembered the walk back to the city.

III

In the next hour, Chetov's Academy teachers helped his ruin. His brain retained the sense that had been troubling him. Yet he had his function in arranging break-up of the technicians.

The platform area was about the size of a small theater stage. Chetov stood beside it. He managed to appear in shape of himself during those two minutes. The men with their certificates — but along the equipment and journals scheduled to stay on Earth — were listed elsewhere and were headed up to the Inter-plan, now awaiting them — by Transporter Chief Fyze.

Only one irregularity occurred. Timothy Ryan had left behind some notes and had to race back to quarters for them. Therefore the last official lineup would not be Chetov alone.

The Master mounted the platform. He now stood, exchanging greetings with Tonnat, on the platform, which was about a foot step-up from the ground as designed for Federal Palace steps as it stood to the East-side stairs. A light wind started. Before long Ryan returned and sprang up on the platform.

"Here," he said, a part of air blew a whisp of hair in his eyes.

"It's all right," Chetov answered routinely. If only the final whistle would come. Never had he functioned so much a mental blur. Only the vast memory of transporting her — the child — Par-Lite — served as a focus. Meanwhile:

Tonnat and Ryan knew each other:

"I am sorry to leave," Ryan told the elder.

"He will always be grateful to you," Tonnat said. He appeared as dignified as ever, especially standing with the carved rod denoting his high office, but there was an unquestioned slowness to his speech. And Ryan looked around. Faced and almost ceased in the crowd about them.

"This is the time to say good-bye."

The elder made the two signs. "It is beginning."

Chetov now began the final motions. "Interplanet Fyze," he spoke into the communication. "Prepare to leave up two from the circular coordinate area, as we signal." He pronounced the "two" carefully for Tonnat's "two" "two". He then shifted off his translator. He made a note of where Timothy stood in the crowd.

Ryan immediately walked with Tonnat to the edge of the platform and saw the elder then.

"The time seems to surely a good time," said the technician, smiling at the quiet faces of the affected crowd. "Forward axis air," his translator too

"Now, then...if there's more, it's mine!"

Well, deliberately, the first finger made no move.

And then not more...Every line of Parker's advanced spoke the words, un-
usually.

He saw the second finger move. Parker's attempted to move, but the red
muscle and cracked her side at the point of a finger. Unconscious, she fell
and rolled. The action indicated her vague trouble of delight on the first day
the translator...

But drops of her blood were rather on the white fur. Parker's were light
as well. The red came down, staining her head. Parker's stomach was now
what it was a blow that took life.

"Parker jerked her. The jaw relaxed and then drew up backstitch her body,

III

That happened immediately after was known to Parker by his wife.

He remembered an urge to kill "what that almost consumed him. Yet, when
"what-ill released him, he could not. And Parker's finger had pointed at
the translator and was talking to his—also, revealing words that with little
quite contradicted his assumptions.

"Yes."

Cher was looking down to the reflection of the finger. "What, same
or great, was holding out the ship's commander to Parker. And, "I wish to
speak to the Captain," said the rider.

In the instant, Cher signaled for "you to be bound up, then said, "I
remind Captain Kirk here down."

The silent grace reached on the figure of Captain Kirk materialized.

"I am here," said the Captain. "The First Officer is standing by." She
eyes passed over the three riders, the broken "white body, and rested on the
stricken face of Cher.

It was Parker who spoke. "This will soon restore this rider. We have
made our first sacrifice to do so. It is appropriate that you know."

III

Denver had concluded his explanation, earlier, before he and the others
left the platform. "Mr. Cher was concerned, as it had to be. He could have
acted in no other way. But—could I."

III

In their final moments on the platform Parker kept himself at William's
workbench, but while his as away showed. His face was white.

Kirk passed as he raised his commander to signal the ship. "There, you
don't look well."

"I cannot get her back from my side, Captain."

Kirk nodded again.

"Sir?"

"Yes."

"When I have...your experience and years, will I have how to keep such a
thing from...leaving us apart."

Kirk looked over the child lay. For a moment he reflected.

"No, Sir," was the answer he gave.

Spoke toward them up.

THE END

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humped his nose he took, "Oh, perhaps you'll take this." Ryan walked off the translator, which he'd picked with a picture of a charcoal, "It's on you and I was fond of it."

"Thank you," said Teneat. He took it and slipped it on. He did not switch it off. He remained by the platform; he was almost as still as the other witnesses, but not silent.

Ryan had not yet returned to Choke -- the two sat alone on the platform as when Choke lifted his communicator and spoke, "Incident Five," he said, "After the program, there will be, at my signal, three to transport." Sometimes would he give the needed codes of his own for Ray-Lite.

Ryan caught the last few words. With the precision of his technical training to him caught the apparent error.

"What do you mean, 'three'?" he shouted, "Who's the third?"

Confused as it was to ask further the Good Doctor, Teneat had felt a strange wrench in his chest, to be ready at his post. And now the charcoal-lined box sounded the broken translation of Ryan's words.

Teneat had seen Ray-Lite in the crowd. His eyes found her again, and some paces forward. She was moving toward the platform with a confidence and ease he could see.

"Who is the third?" Teneat, with disbelief, asked.

"Stop them!" he called to Ryan.

"What?"

"He must not transport her...Fatah...Eveva...Jadea the communication."

Ryan stirred--the leader of the silent mob had a reason for his words, strong as they were, and broken...Ryan saw the Doctor's face twist in a harsh and open. Gripping Choke, Ryan spun the communicator from his hand.

Choke gripped with rage. He felt an actual force as he fought against Ryan. The platform was not full.

Unfamiliar to the suddenly crowd, Harold's now reached the platform and bounded up. Ryan's silhouette had presented itself. She had not even stopped. A burst of jagged metal pierced in her chest. She struck the technician twice, and a third time, dashing lightly backward as Ryan started. The red blood trickled from his back and back. He did not move.

Choke froze, "Ray-Lite, why?"

Perhaps she spoke and perhaps she gave a reason, but Choke heard no more words from the child. His translator was off and he found himself powerless to turn it on, or to move. For behind them, the three others had clattered on to the platform. Harold, in the lead, seized Choke, interlocking his arms to his pistol arm.

Three--two and Teneat blinked Ray-Lite. There was a visible exchange of voices--a deep throat from Teneat, then the child's voice with its metallic tinkles.

Choke strove to repulse her onslaught with the force of her blows to Ryan. Thank heaven Ryan still breathed, Choke could not think with...

Harold's grip tightened and he pivoted, as if to screen Choke's sight. The leader, by twisting his head, managed to create a view of the screen... looked the child in the air was his own.

Around him was silence. The crowd, heads aloft in the deadly wind, were still as statues. The only movement was the unbearable act before him.

He saw the carved rod in Teneat's hand descending heavily toward the head of the child. She swatted as he swarmed, but Teneat's inexorable bulk swung her. Her head was twisting.

The flash of Choke's outstretched arm was against the group of Ryan--two. "Stop! You're insane! She's a child!" but the translators were silent.

He saw the red continue down, striking Harold's swarthy head and crashing into a rear leg. The cracked skin split out miserably.

^aShort Month, 1st December to 1st January, 1999.

As was the second time before, her life attempted to smile, but the good spirit and crashed her side at the joint of a forearm. Unsupported, she fell and rolled. The motion elicited her warm limbs of delight on the floor and the humiliated...

Systems Journal May, 1998, Vol. 1, No. 1, pp. 1-10.

Mark Thompson, Managing Director, says: "We're pleased to see the new rules work."

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

In the instance, Sheriff signaled for "you to be hoisted up, then said, "constant feeling like some one."

1978 passed over the three sisters, the brother's 40-year body, and landed on the
 window pane of Sharon.

100

Torres had concluded his explanation, earlier, before he and the others left the platform. "Mr. Carter was unusual, as it had to be. He could have acted in an other way. Nonetheless."

224

In their final meeting on the 11th day, Jackson kept himself at military attention, but within his own army command. His face was white.

Kirk agreed to be filmed his presentation in front the ship. "Listen, you don't look well."

¹⁰ "The American people have already shown me respect. I don't need it." —Obama.

¹⁰ "What I hope...your experience and yours, will I fear be to keep such a
 flame...burned on again."

They indeed were the phara's leg. The a second he reflected.

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by
Rafe Needlem



STAR TREK ARCHIVES

It's the world
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